

Featuring **THE BLACK HOOD**
TOP-NOTCH

NO. 20 OCT.

comics

also **THE WIZARD**

with **ROY**, the SUPER-BOY

10¢



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

Big Guns

OF THE COMICS

HEY ROY! TELL YOUR PALS
TO HURRY 'N GET THEIR
ISSUE OF SHIELD-WIZARD
NO. 4. IT'S ON SALE RIGHT NOW,
'N I'D SURE LIKE TO HAVE 'EM
WITH ME ON THE FIRST
CASE THE SHIELD LET
ME HANDLE. ALL BY
MYSELF!!



BAM!



YOU BETCHA,
DUSTY! 'N HERE'S A
CHANCE FOR BOTH OF
US TO REMIND THEM
ABOUT NOT MISSIN' UP
ON THEIR COPY OF
JACKPOT! WOW,
TALK ABOUT HAIR-
RAISIN' ADVENTURES...
JACKPOT'S GOT 'EM-'N
THEN SOME! BOY, I'LL
TELL THE WORLD THAT
SHIELD-WIZARD AND JACKPOT
COMICS ARE THE BIG-GUNS OF
THEM ALL!



HURRY! HURRY! HURRY! TO YOUR NEWS-STANDS AT ONCE! THEY'RE
GOING FAST AND FURIOUS!

45

THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY



AS HARVEY WILLARD, DISTRICT ATTORNEY, SITS IN HIS HOME READING, A QUEER SENSE OF UNEASINESS PERVADES HIS BEING... UNEASINESS WHICH QUICKLY GROWS TO DREAD, AND THEN, A FAINT RUSTLING EMANATES FROM OUT THE SHADOWS, AND BEFORE WILLARD CAN TURN, A GRISLY, LOATHSOME FIGURE LEAPS AT HIM, AND.....

Al. Canny

WHILE AT THAT MOMENT, IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE....

WHEW, THAT'S DANGEROUS STUFF YOU'RE WRITING, BARBARA.

I KNOW, EDITOR BARNES... BUT MAYBE IT'LL GET A RISE OUT OF THE POLICE.



YOU SHOULDN'T BAIT THE POLICE THAT WAY! THEY'RE DOING THEIR BEST TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THESE STRANGE MURDERS - MURDERS WITHOUT MOTIVES!

YES, BUT THEIR BEST ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH! THE MURDERS ARE STILL CONTINUING!



WELL, THERE'S NO ARGUING WITH YOU! YOU'LL DO IT ANYWAY.. G'NITE!

GOOD NIGHT, EDITOR!..I'LL STAY UNTIL I FINISH THIS ARTICLE!



THEN, JUST AS BARBARA IS ABOUT TO FINISH UP!



EEEEEE!



SCREAM! SCREAM! HA, HA, HA! YOUR DEATH CRIES ARE MUSIC TO MY EARS!

NO... HELP! HELP!



BUT BEFORE THE MONSTER CAN COMPLETE THE DEATH THRUST...

OOF!

HERE'S MUSIC TO YOUR CHIN!



POW



BARBARA! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

WH..WHAT HAPPENED, FOOO! THANK HEAVENS YOU GOT HERE IN TIME!



AM, I STILL THINK YOUR STORY'S A PIPE DREAM... OH, HERE COMES MR. HORLEY NOW.

GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN!



THIS IS MISS BARBARA SUTTON, A REPORTER. MR. HORLEY, I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO CONVINCE HER FOR AN HOUR THAT YOU'LL CRACK THIS CASE IN NO TIME.

HMM?... SKEPTICAL, EH?



WELL, THERE'S ANOTHER GENTLEMAN WHO'S PRETTY GOOD AT NABBING CRIMINALS YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF... THE BLACK HOOD... AND THE MURDERER HAS ELUDED HIM SO FAR.

PAH?... THE HOOD IS A CROOK HIMSELF.



WELL, I'LL GET RIGHT DOWN TO BUSINESS AND SEE WHAT I CAN FIND?... HMM, WHAT HAVE WE HERE? A CIGARETTE BUTT?



BUT THE D.A. SMOKED! IT PROBABLY BE- LONGED TO HIM! EXTINGUISHED.

NO I'M SURE IT DIDN'T.. NOTE HOW LONGED THIS WAS TWISTED BEFORE IT WAS



IT'S MY BUSINESS TO KNOW THE PECULIARITIES OF NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS... AND TWISTING CIGARETTE BUTTS IN THIS FASHION IS A CHARACTERISTIC QUIRK OF JIM MAHONEY, THE BIG SHOT RACKETEER... I WARRANT THAT THE FINGERPRINTS ON THE DEAD MAN'S THROAT WILL MATCH WITH THOSE OF MAHONEY'S WE HAVE IN THE POLICE FILES.



LATER....



CLARION MARK HORLEY CRACKS CASE IN RECORD TIME! FINGER PRINTS ON VICTIM'S THROAT CONCLUSIVE OF GUILT

WUXTRA! MAHONEY ARRESTED FOR MURDER OF D.A.? WUXTRA??



IN KIP BURLAND'S APARTMENT....

HIYA, BABS? WHY THE UNEXPECTED VISIT?



HELLO, KIP? I SEE YOU'RE READING ABOUT MARK HORLEY, TOO?





YES!...EXTREMELY
INGENIOUS FELLOW.
ISN'T HE, BRINGING
THE KILLER TO JUSTICE
SO QUICKLY!

I KNOW
SOMEBODY
WHO'S JUST
AS IN-
GENIOUS..
MAYBE EVEN
MORE..THE
BLACK HOOD!



*BLACK HOOD! BLACK
HOOD!.. THAT'S ALL
YOU EVER TALK
ABOUT!.. WELL, THERE'S
ONE CONSOLATION,
YOU REALLY NEVER
CARED FOR ME! SO I
CAN'T BE
JEALOUS!*

YES, I DO
CARE FOR
THE *BLACK
HOOD!.. AND
I'M GOING TO
PROVE IT-
RIGHT NOW!*



SMACK



HOW...
WHAT..
WHAT
ARE
YOU
TALK-
ING
ABOUT?

YOU NEEDN'T PRETEND
ANY MORE, MR KIP BUR-
LAND! I'VE KNOWN YOU
WERE THE *BLACK HOOD*
FOR A LONG TIME. BUT
I..I JUST HAD TO COME
OUT WITH IT NOW TO...
ER..LBT...YOU KNOW HOW
I FELT!



TOODLE-OO MR
BURLAND!....
NEVER TRUST
A WOMAN!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE MAYOR'S
HOME....

WHO CAN
BE CALL-
ING AT
THIS
HOUR?



WHAT!..WHAT'S THAT?...I'M
GOING TO BE KILLED TO-
NIGHT?...WHAT IS THIS, A
JOKE?...ARE YOU MAD! HEL-
LO...HELLO!



THERE!.. THAT'S THAT! THIS
TIME I'M WARNING MY VICTIM
IN ADVANCE AS A FURTHER
TEST OF MY CRIMINAL INGEN-
UITY!



THERE IS ONLY ONE FLY IN MY
OINTMENT... THE *BLACK HOOD!*
HE FRUSTRATED ME THE
FIRST TIME. I SHOULD LIKE TO
MATCH WITS WITH HIM
AGAIN...THIS BARBARA SUTTON
MAY KNOW WHERE HE IS. I'LL
CALL HER UP AND TELL HER
MY NEXT MOVE.. THEN, LET THE
HOOD TRY
AND STOP
ME!



LATER... (I DON'T KNOW WHETHER
THE ONE WHO CALLED
BARBARA IS RIBBING HER)

BUT IF THERE'S ANY-
THING AT ALL TO
THIS THREAT ON THE
MAYOR'S LIFE, I'M GOING
TO HAVE SOMETHING TO
SAY ABOUT IT!



HELLO, MR. MAYOR!

BLACK HOOD! YOU, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO CALLED!



OH, SO SOMEONE REALLY DID THREATEN YOU? NO IT WASN'T ME!... I CAME HERE TO SEE THAT NOTHING DOES HAPPEN TO YOU!

IT ALL SOUNDS SO WILDLY FANTASTIC!



PERHAPS? BUT THERE'S NOTHING LIKE MAKING SURE! WELL, LOOKS LIKE THE POLICE GOT THE SAME ANONYMOUS WARNING!

BLACK HOOD! SO YOU'RE MIXED UP IN THIS, EH?



I SUGGEST THAT YOU PUT THE BLACK HOOD BEHIND BARS, MCGINTY!

BUT MR. HORLEY, I DON'T THINK THE HOOD'S A CROOK! I USED TO THINK SO, BUT HE KINDA SHOWED ME DIFFERENT A WHILE AGO!



WITH YOUR LIFE IN DANGER, MR. MAYOR, WE CAN'T BE SURE OF ANYONE... AND IT MIGHT ALSO BE A GOOD IDEA IF YOU WERE TO ALLOW THE POLICE TO PUT YOU IN A CELL TONIGHT FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION!

HM... PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT!



YOU SURE GOT PLENTY OF BRAINS, MR. HORLEY! I SHOULDN'T HAVE QUESTIONED YOUR JUDGEMENT IN THE FIRST PLACE!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT!



THE HOOD IS HUSTLED INTO A CELL...

I DON'T MIND BEING JAILED FOR A NIGHT, AS LONG AS THE MAYOR IS SAFE!



BUT I'M STILL GOING TO PLAY IT SAFE AND KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!... SO I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO REFUSE MCGINTY'S KIND HOSPITALITY!



WITH A BLOOD-HOUND LIKE MCINTY ALWAYS ON MY TRAIL, THIS SAW-TOOTHED FILE IS PRACTICALLY A NECESSITY! I'LL BE OUT OF THIS CHICKEN-COOP IN NO TIME!



WELL, THEY'RE BOTH GONE UNDER LOCK AND KEY, MR. HORLEY! ... NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT NOW, EH?

AS AN ADDED PRECAUTION YOU MIGHT SPREAD YOUR MEN AROUND



OKAY, BOYS! OUTSIDE! 'N IF YA SEE ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS, SHOOT FIRST 'N ASK QUESTIONS AFTER!



AFTER THE POLICE HAVE DEPARTED...

MY PLAN IS WORKING PERFECTLY THUS FAR! NOW FOR THE REST OF MY TASK!



THEN, AS THE MAYOR SITS BROODING IN HIS CELL....



GREAT GOD! HOW.. WHA...

SURPRISED, EH, MR. MAYOR, THAT I'M MAKING GOOD MY BOASTS!



UNFORTUNATELY, YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO APPRECIATE MY GENIUS!

HERE'S SOMEBODY ELSE WHO DOESN'T APPRECIATE IT!

OOMPH!

THE MONSTER QUICKLY GAINS HIS FEET, AND, INSANE WITH FURY, LEAPS AT THE DARK KNIGHT OF JUSTICE....

YOU'RE A TOUGH CUSTOMER TO CONVINCE, AREN'T YOU?

WELL, THAT SEEMS TO BE THAT. NOW, I'LL TAKE HIM INTO TOW, AND....

UGH!

WHILE THE HOOD REGAINS HIS REELING SENSES, THE MONSTER MAKES GOOD HIS ESCAPE,....

HE MUST HAVE GONE THROUGH THAT DOOR. IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT OF HERE!

BY THE BONES OF ST. PATRICK! HOOD! HOW DID YOU ESCAPE?



AFTER THEY LEAVE..

IT WORKED! THEY NEVER THOUGHT OF LOOKING FOR ME IN THE MOST OBVIOUS PLACE—THEIR OWN POLICE CAR!



AS THE DARK HOURS OF NIGHT APPROACH DAYBREAK, THE HIDEOUS FIGURE OF THE MONSTER STALKS THE DESERTED STREETS....



THERE IT IS, BARBARA SUTTON'S HOUSE—THE ONE WHO CAN LEAD THE BLACK HOOD INTO MY TRAP!



THE MONSTER ENTERS A LONE, ALL-NIGHT RESTAURANT, AND HEADS FOR THE TELEPHONE BOOTH.....



THE PHONE..IT MUST BE THE HOOD!..I'LL BAWL HIM OUT GOOD FOR NOT CALLING ME UP UNTIL NOW!



HELLO! WHAT?.. THE BLACK HOOD IS DEAD!.. NO, NO, IT CAN'T BE! IT CAN'T!



HELLO... HELLO.... HE'S HUNG UP! I'LL CALL THE HOOD AT HIS PLACE! PRAY HEAVEN THIS IS JUST A PRACTICAL JOKE!



HELLO, BARBARA! WHAT? SOME ONE CALLED AND SAID I WAS DEAD! GREAT GHOST! IT'S A TRAP! HANG UP, QUICK, BARBARA!





BARBARA, STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE. I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



ALL RIGHT, HOOD! NOW COME AND RESCUE YOUR SWEETHEART. IF YOU CAN, I'M TAKING HER TO MY LABORATORY AT 12 BAKER STREET!



THE MONSTER IMMEDIATELY PROCEEDS WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS BARBARA TO HIS LABORATORY...



AND STRAPS HER TO A PILLAR IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM....

THERE... THE HOOD IS SURE TO SEE YOU... NOW LET HIM COME!



HE'S SETTING AN OBVIOUS TRAP FOR ME. BUT I HAVE NO CHOICE! I'VE GOT TO GET BARBARA OUT OF HIS CLUTCHES!



12 BAKER STREET! HERE IT IS! FIRST, I'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND!



THERE SHE IS! WELL, HERE GOES!



CRASH!



HOOD, BE CAREFUL, IT'S A TRICK!

I KNOW IT BARBARA, AND I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT JUST WHAT IT IS!



SUDDENLY, A HAND APPEARS FROM BEHIND A DRAPE AND THROWS A SWITCH AND.....

A POWERFUL ELECTRIC CURRENT COURSES THROUGH THE STEEL PLATE ON WHICH THE HOOD IS STANDING AND ROOTS HIM TO THE SPOT...



I'M NOT GOING TO KILL YOU, HOOD! I HAVE A MUCH MORE APPROPRIATE FATE FOR YOU, YOUR CLEVERNESS SHOULD STAND YOU IN GOOD STEAD AS A CRIMINAL!

THE BLACK HOOD, A MONSTER OF CRIME! QUITE A JEST, EH?



BARBARA GLANCES DOWN AND SEES HER SHOES SOAKING WET AND GETS AN IDEA..



HER FOOT LASHES OUT AND THE SIPPING SHOE CONTACTING THE OPEN SWITCH BOX CAUSES A SHORT-CIRCUIT.



THE HOOD, MOMENTARILY RELEASED FROM THE ELECTRIC CURRENT LAUNCHES HIS POWERFUL FIGURE AT THE MONSTER!



BUT THE MONSTER IS FAR FROM BEATEN. A CRASHING BLOW FINDS ITS MARK ON THE HOOD'S CHIN.

BOP!

BATTLING LIKE TITANS, THEY STRUGGLE BACK AND FORTH—A MONSTER OF CRIME AND A DARK KNIGHT OF JUSTICE....



AND THEN, A PRODIGIOUS BLOW WITH EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH AT THE HOOD'S DISPOSAL, AND —



ANYWAY I GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS, WHOEVER YOU ARE! AND YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY FROM ME THIS TIME!

NO?...WE SHALL SEE!

GREAT SCOTT!.. HE'S SWALLOWING POISON!



TOO LATE! HE'S DYING!

AAARRGH!



AND THEN, AS THE MASK OF DEATH SETTLES RIGIDLY, A GRADUAL CHANGE FLUSHES OVER THE HIDEOUS FEATURES OF THE MONSTER, UNTIL THE FACE OF MARK HORLEY SHINES FORTH!



WELL, MCGINTY! NOW YOU KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE!.. YOU WON'T BE WANTING ME! SO LONG!



AND SO, HIS WORK DONE, THE BLACK HOOD FADES INTO THE NIGHT, READY FOR NEW ADVENTURES, NEW FOES TO PIT HIS VAST ENERGY AND INTELLIGENCE AGAINST!.. WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD IN STORE FOR THE DARK KNIGHT OF JUSTICE? PLENTY, THE NEXT TOP NOTCH PROMISES. DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT! SEE FOR YOURSELF!

WE WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT OURSELVES! BUT IT HAPPENED! THE BLACK HOOD DETECTIVE MAGAZINE MET WITH THE SAME OVERWHELMING ACCLAIM AS THE BLACK HOOD IN TOP NOTCH COMICS. SO WE ARE FORCED TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THE BLACK HOOD, NO MATTER WHERE HE APPEARS, IS A NATURAL. A CHARACTER WHOSE EXPLOITS, THE THRILLS AND PURE READING PLEASURE HE PROVIDES HIS READERS, CAN'T BE EVALUATED IN TERMS OF MONEY. ANOTHER COMPLETE BLACK HOOD, FULL LENGTH NOVEL IS ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS RIGHT NOW - 10¢!



IN THE ROOM DIRECTLY ABOVE, A PHONE RINGS.

WHAT'S THAT? COME DOWN TO ROOM 215 AT ONCE?... HELLO, HELLO.... THEY'VE HUNG UP!

ATTORNEY
LAW

BLANE WHITNEY AND ROY, WHO ARE WALKING PAST THE BUILDING AT THIS TIME, ARE ATTRACTED BY THE SHOT.

DID YOU HEAR A SHOT, ROY?

LOOK, BLANE!

BLANE AND ROY HURRIEDLY PEEL OFF THEIR OUTER GARMENTS AND... THE WIZARD AND ROY, THE SUPER-BOY ARE READY TO SWING INTO ACTION...

LOOKS LIKE THERE'S SOMETHING FOR US TO DO!

I'M RIGHT WITH YOU, WIZARD!

THEN, THE WIZARD BURSTS IN UPON THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING...



WHILE ROY DASHES UP THE STAIRS, A FIGURE COMES RUNNING DOWN THE HALLWAY AWAY FROM THE FATAL SCENE---AND.....







I'M SORRY, MISS, BUT HE'S NOT ALLOWED TO HAVE ANY VISITORS!

WHY NOT?



THINGS HAVE COME TO A PRETTY PASS IN THIS TOWN, WHEN YOU CROOKED POLITICIANS CAN HAVE A MAN ARRESTED AND NOT ALLOW HIM TO SEE ANYBODY!

COME ON, JANE, LET'S NOT HAVE ANY QUARREL WITH THE POLICE! THEY'RE JUST DOING THEIR DUTY!



SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE! I WONDER WHY WE COULDN'T SEE THE PRISONER! IT LOOKS LIKE MY PART IN THIS AFFAIR IS FAR FROM FINISHED!



I'M SO MAD, I THINK I'D BETTER WALK HOME TO COOL OFF A BIT!

YOU TWO GO ON AHEAD, I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO DO!

OKAY, BLANE!



ROY AND JANE LEAVE BLANE AND START FOR HOME.

WHEW! I NEVER SAW YOU IN SUCH A TEMPER BEFORE, JANE!

I CAN'T HELP IT, ROY! IT'S A SHAME THE WAY DECENT, HONEST PEOPLE ARE PUSHED AROUND IN THIS TOWN!



MEANWHILE, AS JANE AND ROY WALK DOWN THE STREET, A CAR APPROACHES THEM....



THE WIZARD ARRIVES AT THE JAIL AND IS LOOKING AROUND IN THE CELL BLOCK FOR TRAVERS....



I'VE LOOKED ALL OVER THIS PLACE AND I DON'T SEE HIM ANYWHERE! I WONDER WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO HIM!



THERE'S A MIGHTY PECULIAR SMELL ABOUT THIS WHOLE AFFAIR!



SOMETHING'S STIRRING IN MY BRAIN! I SEEM TO HAVE A FEELING THAT JANE IS IN TROUBLE! I'LL SUMMON A VISION AT ONCE!



GET THIS MESSAGE TO TOM, ON THE EXPRESS! TELL HIM TO LET TRAVERS ESCAPE, BUT SHOOT HIM AS HE DOES SO!

HURRY IT UP BEFORE THE WIZARD GETS WORD OF IT!



I WAS RIGHT! JANE'S IN TROUBLE, AND SHE'S STALLING THEM OFF BY TELLING THEM I'M WISE TO THE WHOLE BUSINESS!

WHEW! AM I IN A SPOT! TRAVERS IS A DEAD PIGEON UNLESS I GET TO HIM...AND YET JANE MEANS A GREAT DEAL MORE TO ME!



I HAVE NO CHOICE! I'VE GOT TO SAVE JANE FIRST!



RUNNING DOWN THE STREET, HE SEES...



GREAT SCOTT, THAT LOOKS LIKE ROY LYING THERE!





MEANWHILE, THE WIZARD HAS CAUGHT UP WITH THE SPEEDING TRAIN...



I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO KNOCK THIS GUY OFF WITHOUT ANY FANCY TRICKS!



SIGHTING HIS QUARRY THE WIZARD...

CRASHES INTO THE COMPARTMENT JUST AS THE DETECTIVE IS ABOUT TO PULL THE TRIGGER....



CRASH



HAVE YOU HAD YOUR TICKET PUNCHED YET?

OOF!



MUSTN'T PLAY WITH THOSE THINGS, THEY MAKE A LOT OF NOISE!

BANG



THIS IS WHERE YOU GET OFF, BUDDY!



COURIER
WIZARD UNEARTHS RECORDS WHICH BLOW LID OFF ROTTEN POLITICS!
TOWNLEY, BATES AND HAWLEY INDICTED FOR CORRUPTION
GOVERNOR IRONICALLY APPOINTS THEIR VICTIM TO ACT AS PROSECUTING ATTORNEY FOR STATE



ISN'T HE WONDERFUL,
BLANE? HE'S SUCH
A FORCEFUL SPEAKER--
JUST THE TYPE OF
MAN WE NEED IN
PUBLIC AFFAIRS!

YEAH!

IT'S A VERY PLEASANT DUTY FOR ME TO BE ABLE TO
IMPOSE SENTENCE ON YOU! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOUR
KIND OF MEN WERE ERADICATED FROM THE POLI-
TICAL SET-UP OF THE COUNTRY! I'M GLAD THERE
ARE MEN LIKE THE WIZARD AND PAUL
TRIVERS AROUND, WITH THE
COURAGE TO STAND UP AND
FIGHT AGAINST YOUR
CROOKED METHODS!

MR. TRIVERS, I'D
LIKE TO HAVE YOU
MEET MY FRIENDS,
BLANE WHITNEY
AND ROY!

HOW DO
YOU DO?

HAPPY TO
KNOW YOU!

AW, NUTS, ROY! I'M GETTING FED UP
WITH THIS BUSINESS OF STRAIGHT-
ENING OTHER PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS
AND NEGLECTING MY OWN! IT'S
GOTTEN SO THAT JANE THINKS OF
ME ONLY AS A
SOFT-SPINED
PLAY-BOY!

'SMATTER,
BLANE, YOU'RE
NOT JEALOUS,
ARE YOU?

MEN ARE SO STUPID! OF COURSE
I LIKE PAUL. I DIDN'T WANT TO
SEE HIM SUFFERING AN IN-
JUSTICE--NO MORE THAN THE
WIZARD DID!...BUT IT'S YOU
I REALLY CARE FOR--
ALTHOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHY!

HEY WAIT
FOR ME!

WHAT'S UP,
WHERE'S YOUR
BOY FRIEND?

THE
**ORIGINAL
SHIELD**

AND
DUSTY
THE BOY DETECTIVE
APPEAR **ONLY**

IN **PEP** comics
AND
SHIELD-WIZARD
comics

FRAN-FRAZER

IN A RUSSIAN BORDER TOWN, HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS, THE FOLLOWING SCENE IS TAKING PLACE ONE DARK NIGHT....



AS A RESULT OF THESE CONFLICTS, A CONFERENCE HAS BEEN CALLED, AT WHICH WE FIND REPRESENTATIVES OF JAPAN, RUSSIA AND GERMANY...

GENTLEMEN, MY GOVERNMENT SENDS ITS DEEPEST REGRETS OVER THESE BORDER INCIDENTS. HOWEVER, IT FIRMLY DENIES HAVING ANY CONNECTION WITH THEM.



IF I WERE YOU, I WOULDN'T TRUST THOSE JAPANESE, HERR STRUNSKY, THEY ARE PRETTY TRICKY PEOPLE!



FRANFRAZER AND HAL DAVIS, AMERICAN NEWS CORRESPONDENTS, ARE DRIVING THROUGH THE RUSSIAN MOUNTAINS, HAVING BEEN ASSIGNED TO COVER THESE BORDER FIGHTS, FOR THEIR RESPECTIVE MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER....

I'M ANXIOUS TO GET SOME REAL GOOD SHOTS, HAL!

WHAT KIND-RIFLE OR CAMERA?



YOU AND YOUR STALE GAGS!... OH, OH, THE CAR'S STOPPED! NOW WHAT?

I DON'T KNOW, THE MOTOR SEEMS TO HAVE STALLED!





I DON'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT THESE DARNED FOREIGN CARS! I'LL NEVER GET IT FIXED!

DON'T BOTHER WITH IT NOW, HAL, IT'S GETTING DARK AND I THINK WE'D BETTER START LOOKING FOR SOME PLACE TO SPEND THE NIGHT!



I WONDER WHO LIVES IN THIS PLACE!

IT'S NOT VERY CHEERFUL LOOKING, IS IT?



I'M VERY SORRY, BUT I AM NOT RUNNING AN INN. THIS IS A PRIVATE HOUSE AND WE DON'T WANT ANY STRANGERS SNOOPING AROUND!

BUT THERE IS NO OTHER PLACE TO STAY AT... AND THE WEATHER IS PRETTY NASTY!



C'MON, FRAN, WE'RE NOT GOING TO SLEEP OUTDOORS IN THIS COLD, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND AN OPEN BASEMENT WINDOW, OR SOMETHING!

HE'S A HOSPITABLE SOUL, ISN'T HE?



FINDING AN OPEN WINDOW, THEY QUIETLY LET THEMSELVES INTO THE BASEMENT OF THE HOUSE...

EASY, FRAN, NO NOISE, NOW!



I WONDER WHERE THIS'LL TAKE US?



WHERE'D THEY COME FROM?

YOSS IS?

HOLY SMOKES! LOOK WHO'S HERE!

OH-OH!



I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO STAY OUT OF HERE! HOWEVER, SINCE YOU CHOSE TO DISREGARD MY WARNING, YOU MUST SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE THIS PLACE ALIVE!

BUT WHY?

THE GERMAN OFFICER LEADS THEM INTO A LONG ROOM WHERE THEY SEE....

WHAT A CLEVER IDEA: DRESSING THESE GERMANS AS JAPANESE SOLDIERS AND HAVING THEM RAID RUSSIAN VILLAGES. PRETTY SHREWD.

NOW YOU SEE WHY I CANNOT AFFORD TO ALLOW YOU TO LIVE?

HM.. IT'S TOO BAD A NICE LOOKING GIRL LIKE YOU HAS TO BE MIXED UP IN THIS. IT'S A SHAME TO KILL YOU.

FRAN MAKES A PRETENSE OF ADJUSTING HER STOCKING, BRINGING INTO PLAY A SMALL POWERFULLY LENSED CAMERA, WHICH SHE HAS CONCEALED IN HER GARTER

WHY DO YOU HAVE TO KILL ME? DO YOU KNOW I HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF RESPECT FOR CLEVER MEN. I LIKE TO BE ON THEIR SIDE. I HAVE NO ALLEGIANCE TO ANYONE IN THIS WAR. PERHAPS YOU AND I CAN ARRIVE AT SOME SORT OF AN UNDERSTANDING?

WELL, MAYBE, BUT HOW ABOUT YOUR FRIEND, HERE?

OH HIM, HE'S JUST A NUISANCE. IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO GET RID OF HIM.

LET'S HAVE A DRINK ON OUR NEW SET-UP.

THEY ADJOURN TO THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM TO SEAL THEIR NEW-BORN ALLEGIANCE.

HERE'S TO A LONG AND PLEASANT PARTNERSHIP!

SWELL!

YOU BET!

HERE, BIG-SHOT, THIS ONE IS ON ME.

BLINDING HIM MOMENTARILY, FRAN GRABS THE GERMAN'S ARM AND WITH A DEFT JU-JITSU TWIST, THROWS HIM AGAINST THE DESK, KNOCKING HIM COLD....

I GUESS THAT'LL HOLD YOU FOR A WHILE, FRITZIE!

RUSHING TO THE WINDOW SHE SHOUTS....

HELP! HELP!

FRAN'S OUTCRIES BRING THE CAPTAIN'S AIDES RUSHING INTO THE ROOM. FRAN HIDES BEHIND THE DOOR....



AND SLAMS IT SHUT AFTER THEM!



SHE RELEASES HAL AND THEY RACE TOWARDS THEIR CAR....



YOU'RE GOING TO PUSH IT TOWARD THAT HILL!



THE CAR ROLLS SPEEDILY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN TOWARDS TOWN...



THEY ARRIVE AT THE CONFERENCE ROOM JUST AS AN IMPORTANT ALLIANCE IS BEING BORN BETWEEN THE GERMANS AND RUSSIANS AGAINST THE JAPANESE...

I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!

NO ONE IS ALLOWED TO ENTER THIS ROOM!



SORRY, BUDDY, BUT YOU'RE MISTAKEN!



HOLD IT, DON'T SIGN ANYTHING! THESE BORDER AFFAIRS ARE BEING COOKED UP BY THE GERMANS. AND THESE PICTURES I TOOK WILL PROVE IT!



FRAN'S PICTURES ARE MORE THAN ENOUGH TO CONVINCE THE TREATY SIGNERS...

IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, MISS FRAZER, THE RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE NATIONS MIGHT HAVE BEEN AT WAR BY NOW!

WE OWE YOU OUR UNENDING THANKS!



KEITH KORNELL

WESTPOINTER

King
Brook

AS A U.S. ARMY
PAYROLL TRUCK TRAVELS
ALONG THE LONELY
ROAD LEADING TO
CAMP BUCHANAN, A SHOT
BREAKS THE STILLNESS
OF THE COUNTRYSIDE.
THEN THE GUARDS STOP
TO INVESTIGATE...



I'VE GOT TO SEE
THE COLONEL!

WHAT'S
HAPPENED?



WHEN WE STOPPED TO SEE
WHERE THE SHOT CAME FROM,
SIR, THESE THUGS JUMPED OUT
OF THE BUSHES AND SLUGGED
US BEFORE WE COULD DO
ANYTHING!

THE ENTIRE
PAYROLL IS
GONE, EH!



KEITH KORNBELL
TEMPORARY
LIEUTENANT, IS
DISMISSING
HIS TROOP.



WELL, I GUESS THAT'S
ABOUT ALL FOR
TODAY, MEN!

HEY, LIEUTENANT, DID YOU
HEAR ABOUT THE PAYROLL
TRUCK BEING HELD UP ON
EDGEWATER ROAD?



WHAT?

EDGEWATER ROAD, THAT'S
WHERE THE BRIDGE WASH-
OUT IS. CHANCES ARE
THEY DON'T KNOW ABOUT
IT... MAYBE WE CAN HEAD
THEM OFF! GOTTA ACT
FAST. NO TIME TO ASK
IRONPANTS FOR PER-
MISSION!



KEEP RANKS,
MEN! FOLLOW ME,
WE'VE A REAL
JOB TO DO!



MEANWHILE, THE CROOKS, UN-
AWARE OF THE BRIDGE WASH-
OUT, COME TO THE END OF THE
ROAD....



WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?
WE CAN'T GO BACK
WE'LL BE NABBED!



HEY, LOOKA
THAT GUY.
HE'S GOT A
BOAT.





THAT FINISHES HIM!

LET'S GRAB THE BOAT!

OOO!



COME ON LET'S GET GOING!



HALT, MEN!



WHAT HAPPENED, SIR?

SOME MEN WITH GUNS SHOT ME WITHOUT WARNING AND TOOK MY BOAT!

POOR GUY, HE'S DONE FOR!

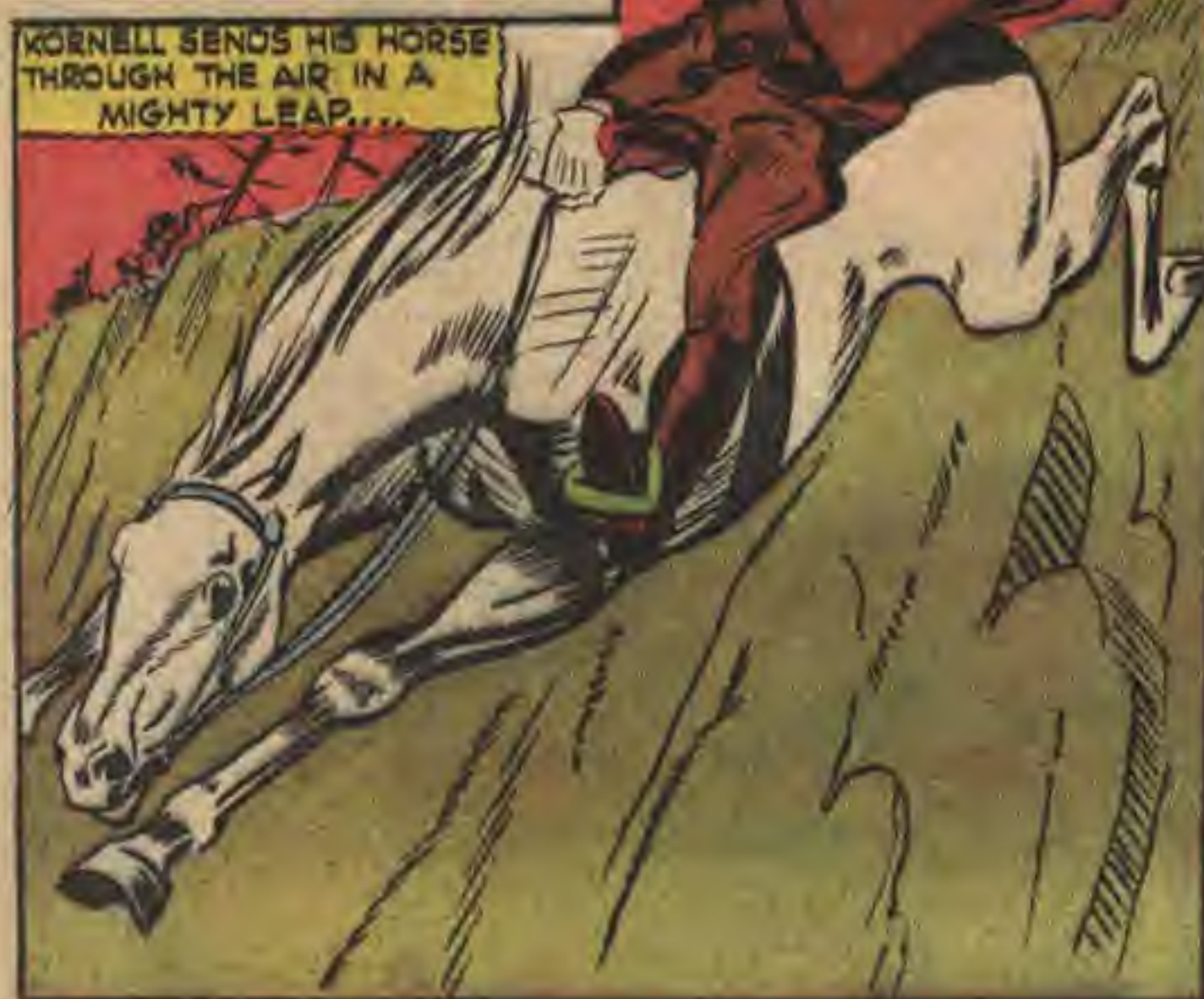


THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE THEY CAN LAND ALONG THIS RIVER, MEN! YOU DOUBLE BACK AND MEET ME AT THE PASS ENTRANCE!



COME ON, BOY, WE'VE GOT A TOUGH JOB AHEAD OF US!

GALLOPING ALONG THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE....



KORNELL SENDS HIS HORSE THROUGH THE AIR IN A MIGHTY LEAP....



...AND HITS THE WATER WITH A TERRIFIC SPLASH....



THE THUGS LEAP UPON THE STUNNED
LIEUTENANT AND PROCEED TO BEAT HIM!



KEITH REGAINS HIS
FEET AND FIGHTS
VALIANTLY, BUT
VAINLY.....



OKAY, BUDDY,
HERE'S LEAD IN
YOUR BELLY!
LET 'IM
HAVE IT
SPIKE!



SUDDENLY THE CAVALRY COMES
CRASHING THROUGH THE GORGE!



HOLY
SMOKES, TH'N
SOLDIERS!

AS THE CAVALRY COMES
CHARGING IN, THE FRIGHTENED
HOLD-UP MEN DROP
THEIR GUNS AND RUN...



LET'S
BEAT
IT!

TAKE IT EASY BOYS, YOU DIDN'T REALLY
THINK YOU COULD
OUTRUN HORSES?
OUTRUN
THEM? THEY
CAN'T EVEN
OUT THINK
THEM!



I'D BETTER
HURRY BACK
AND TELL THE
COLONEL WHAT'S
HAPPENED OR I'LL
LAND IN THE
BRIG, TOO!

WELL, LIEUTENANT, I MUST SAY THAT I
PERSONALLY ADMIRE A MAN OF
ACTION LIKE YOURSELF, HOWEVER,
OFFICIAL CIRCLES WILL PROBABLY FROWN
UPON YOUR LITTLE GAME OF COPS AND ROB-
BERS EVEN THOUGH YOU DID BRING
BACK THE PAYROLL!



I
UNDER-
STAND,
SIR!

THE FIREFLY



AS THE FIREFLY SPEEDS HOMEWARD, A STRANGE NEW WEAPON IS DIRECTED AT HIM. A HINDU FAKIR EAGER TO PREVENT HIM FROM INTERFERING WITH HIS PLANS, IS ATTEMPTING TO SEND HIM TO HIS DEATH BY USING REMOTE-CONTROL HYPNOSIS, AND SO APPEARS A NEW AND FRIGHTFUL MENACE -

THE WHIRLING DERVISH



THE FIREFLY PLUMMETS SPEEDILY TO EARTH





THIS IS MR HUDSON, DAD, HE'S A SCIENTIST AND IS VERY MUCH INTERESTED IN YOUR DISCOVERY.

IVE HEARD OF SOME OF YOUR FINE RESEARCH WORK, HUDSON.



I'D LIKE TO KNOW SOMETHING OF THE HISTORY OF THE JEWEL AND ITS STRANGE CURSE.

CERTAINLY, MR. HUDSON.



"MY STORY BEGINS IN INDIA, MANY CENTURIES AGO! THE HIGH PRIEST, AHMED BEY, HAD JUST DIED AND BEEN CREMATED."



HIS REMAINS WERE ENCLOSED IN A SILVER BOX



AND TAKEN TO HIS FINAL RESTING PLACE, HIGH IN MOUNTAINS, WHERE THEY WERE INTERRED ALONG WITH THE SACRED FAMILY IDOL



"THE IDOL HAD ONE GLEAMING EYE WHICH WAS MADE OF A LARGE VALUABLE RUBY."



"AFTER THE RITUAL, THE TRIBE SEALED THE TOMB AND LEFT."



LET IT BE KNOWN AS IN-SCRIBED HERE THAT ANY WHO ATTEMPT TO DISTURB THE PEACE OF OUR RESTING BROTHER'S SOUL SHALL COME TO A VIOLENT END!



THAT'S HOW THE LEGEND
OF THE CURSE
WAS BORN

VERY
INTERESTING
PROFESSOR.



STRANGE AS IT SOUNDS, I
WISH WE HADN'T FOUND
THAT STONE. EVER SINCE
IT HAS BEEN IN OUR
POSSESSION I'VE HAD THE
QUEEREST FEELING THAT
SOMETHING
HORRIBLE
WAS GO-
ING TO
HAPPEN!



NONSENSE, CHILD, SURELY
YOU DON'T PUT ANY STOCK
IN THOSE OLD
SUPERSTITIONS!



SUDDENLY, AS THOUGH FROM
NOWHERE, AN INDIAN DEATH
ROPE IS WHIRLED AROUND
THE OLD MAN'S
THROAT!



DAD!
DAD!

HE'S DEAD!



IT'S THAT
EVIL CURSE,
I KNEW SOME-
THING LIKE
THIS WOULD
HAPPEN!

IT MUST HAVE COME
FROM OUTSIDE



AS HARLEY RUSHES OUT,
A STRANGE, MIST-LIKE
FIGURE WHIRLS FROM BE-
HIND THE DRAPES--THE DERVISH

SO YOUR
FATHER
CHOSE TO
TAKE
OUR
SACRED
CURSE
LIGHTLY.



YOU CAN'T CRY OUT. YOU ARE NOW SUBJECT TO MY WILL. WHAT I COMMAND, YOU MUST DO!



OPEN THE SAFE AND GET ME THE SACRED RUBY!



GIVE IT TO ME!



AH! THE JEWEL AT LAST!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING MORE TO DO. I MUST WIPE OUT THE INSULT TO MY ANCESTORS WITH YOUR BLOOD!



I SHALL BE THE MOST RESPECTED MEMBER OF MY TRIBE AFTER SUCH COMPLETE VENGEANCE!



SUDDENLY!

UGH!

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR FUN.

NOW IT'S MY TURN TO
HYPNOTIZE YOU.



I DON'T SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE ANY
TROUBLE MAKING YOU DO THINGS
MY WAY.



THE FIREFLY'S STRENGTH
PROVES TOO MUCH
FOR THE DERVISH



MY ONLY ESCAPE
THE RIVER.



AS THEY
STRUGGLE
THEY ARE
DRAWN CLOSER
AND CLOSER TO
A WHIRLPOOL!



HE'S BEING PULLED
INTO THAT
WHIRLPOOL. I
CAN'T REACH
HIM!



HE'S DONE
FOR!



THE FIREFLY RETURNS
TO THE HOUSE!...

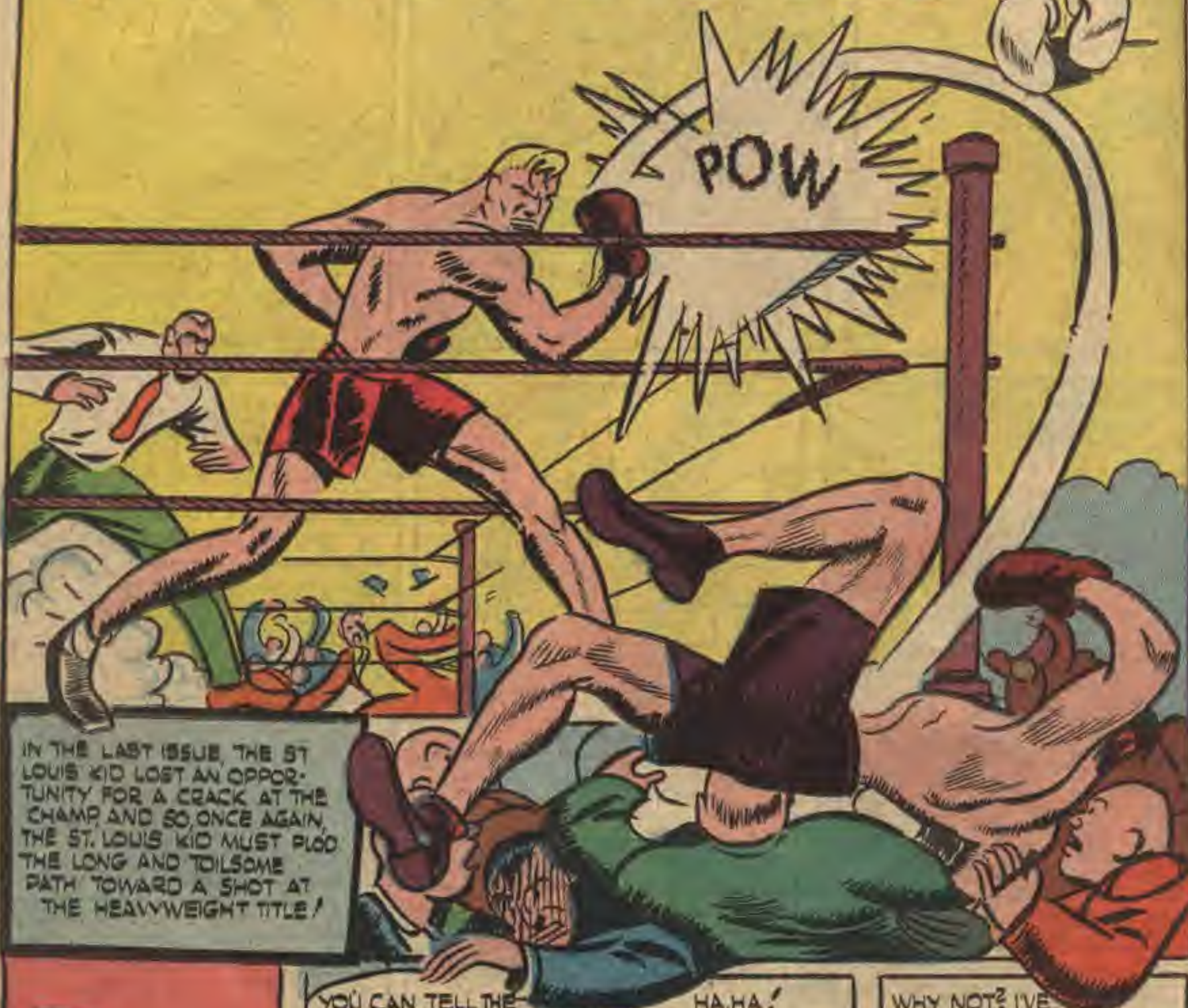
I'M GOING TO RETURN THE
JEWEL. IT REALLY BELONGS
TO THE TRIBE, AND I DON'T
WANT THE WEALTH.

YES, IT'S BROUGHT YOU
TRAGEDY. TRAGEDY THAT
WILL NOT OCCUR AGAIN
WITH THE
WHIRLING
DERVISH GONE!



BUT IS THE WHIRLING DERVISH
REALLY DEAD? READ NEXT
MONTH'S **TOP NOTCH**
MAGAZINE!!

The ST. LOUIS KID



IN THE LAST ISSUE, THE ST LOUIS KID LOST AN OPPORTUNITY FOR A CRACK AT THE CHAMP AND SO, ONCE AGAIN, THE ST. LOUIS KID MUST PLOD THE LONG AND TOILSOME PATH TOWARD A SHOT AT THE HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE!

9..10.. AND OUT!



YOU CAN TELL THE CHAMP THAT HE DODGED MY BOY ONCE, BUT HE WON'T DO IT AGAIN!



HA, HA! YOU'RE PRETTY SURE YOUR BOY'LL COP THE TITLE, EH WINDY?

WHY NOT? I'VE BEEN MANAGIN' FIGHTERS FOR 20 YEARS, AND IF TH' KID AIN'T CHAMP SOON, MY NAME AIN'T WINDY MILLS!



NEXT DAY, IN THE APARTMENT OF LOU ROMELLI, BIG-SHOT RACKETEER...

THAT ST. LOUIS KID'S GOT PLENTY ON THE BALL, EH, ROMELLI?



BEST PROSPECT I'VE SEEN!

MILLS, HIS MANAGER, THINKS THE KID'S GONNA BE CHAMP! WELL, SO DO I! I THINK MAYBE I'LL MANAGE THE KID FROM NOW ON! C'MON, I WANNA TALK WITH MILLS!



26 ELM STREET, CABBIE, 'N STEP ON IT!

OKAY, HOP IN!



HIYA, MILLS!

'LO ROMELLI! WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?

I WANNA BUY YOUR CONTRACT WITH THE KID! JUST NAME YOUR PRICE!

WHAT? ARE YOU NUTS?



THE KID AND I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF YOUR KIND, NOW, GET OUT!

WHY, YOU... EASY WITH THAT ROD!

I GOT DIFFERENT WAYS TO FIX THIS PUNK! I'LL GET THAT CONTRACT, AND, AT MY PRICE!

IN A PIG'S EYE, YOU WILL!



ROMELLI IMMEDIATELY PAYS A VISIT TO THE KID'S NEXT OPPONENT...



NOW HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO!

OKAY, SHOOT!

THE NIGHT OF THE FIGHT...



OKAY, KID! DON'T
FOOL WITH THIS
GUY! GO RIGHT
IN, AND POLISH
HIM OFF!



THE KID RUSHES IN, BUT BENSON
HIS OPPONENT GETS ON A BI-
CYCLE AND BEGINS TO BACK-PEDAL.



ONE, TWO, THREE ROUNDS GO BY,
AND THE KID DESPERATELY
TRIES TO MIX IT UP...



GET IN
THERE, AND
FIGHT!

THROW
THE BUMS
OUT!

IT'S A
FAKE!

BOO!



KID, WILL
YA PLEASE
FLATTEN
HIM?

HE KEEPS
RUNNIN'
AWAY,
WINDY!



ROUND FIVE...THE KID JABS
OUT A LIGHT LEFT TO FEINT
BENSON INTO POSITION, AND...



BENSON GOES
DOWN---
AND OUT!



WOW, 'A FIXED
FIGHT IF I
EVER SAW
ONE!



NEXT DAY THE KID IS HAULED UP BEFORE THE COMMISSION...

ALL RIGHT, BENSON, WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

SURE, I TOOK A DIVE, COMMISSIONER! THE KID'S MANAGER, MILLS, MADE IT WORTH MY WHILE!

HE'S CRAZY!

YOU DIRTY LIAR! TRY TO FRAME MY MANAGER, WILL YOU?

OWOO! LEGGO!

THE TWO ARE PULLED APART....

OBVIOUSLY, THE KID KNEW NOTHING ABOUT IT! THEREFORE, I ORDER HIS MANAGER PERMANENTLY SUSPENDED!

OKAY, THEN!

IF WINDY DOESN'T MANAGE ME, I DON'T FIGHT!

YOU MUSTN'T DO IT, KID!

YOU'RE THE BEST PAL A GUY EVER HAD, BUT YOU MUSTN'T QUIT ON ACCOUNT OF ME!

I'M THROUGH, I TELL YOU!

WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A GUY LIKE THAT.. THE WONDERFUL CHUMP?

JUST THEN, MORELLI COMES UP. WILLIN' TO LISTEN TO ME, NOW?

I GET IT NOW! YOU'RE BEHIND ALL THIS!

SURE, I AM..AND THERE'S NOTHIN' YA CAN DO ABOUT IT, EXCEPT HELP OUT YER PAL, THE ST. LOUIS KID!

YOU'RE OUT OF THE PICTURE, SEE, AND YOU'LL ONLY RUIN THE KID'S CHANCES OF BEIN' CHAMP. BUT, WITH ME, IT'S DIFFERENT. I KNOW THE RIGHT PEOPLE. I'LL EVEN GET YOU YOUR LICENSE BACK!



G..GOSH! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY! TH' KID'S BEEN A PAL TO ME, AND I'D BE AN AWFUL HEEL IF I STOOD IN HIS WAY! ...OKAY, MORELLI, I'LL DO IT!



LATER.. BR..AH..KID! ABOUT.. YOU'RE GOIN' BACK TO THE RING...

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, WINDY! I'M STICKING WITH YOU!



SURE, YOU'RE STICKING WITH ME. I'VE BEEN RE-INSTATED.. AND NOW, GET YOUR OUDS ON! WE'RE GOIN' TO DO SOME REAL TRAININ'!



YOWEE! I KNEW THE COMMISSION WOULD DO THE RIGHT THING!

BR..YEAH! WELL..AH.. LET'S GO!



THE KID SWINGS INTO HIS TRAINING WITH SAVAGE GLEE....



AND THE BEWILDERED WINDY, SEEING THE HAPPY CHANGE, BECOMES CONVINCED HE HAS CHOSEN THE RIGHT COURSE....



THEN, THE NIGHT OF AN IMPORTANT FIGHT ROLLS AROUND...

BOY, THE WAY I FEEL, I COULD LICK A TIGER, WINDY!



JUST THEN...

HIYA, KID!

IT'S THE RACKETEER MORELLI! WHAT DO YOU WANT?



TAKE IT EASY, KID. I JUST WANNA GIVE YOU A PEP TALK. I'VE BET A LOTTA DOUGH, KID, 'N NATURAL- LY, I WANNA SEE YA WIN!



I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH MONEY YOU'VE BET ON ME. I DON'T NEED YOUR ADVICE. NOW, GET OUT AND STAY OUT!

KID, PLEASE!



COME OFF YER HIGH-HORSE, PUNK. IN CASE YER STOOGES HASN'T TOLD YA, I'M YER NEW MANAGER, AND THE BOYS WHO WORK FOR ME TAKE ORDERS FROM ME, SEE!



WINDY! HE'S LYIN', ISN'T HE?

IT..T'S TRUE, KID, BUT I DID IT FER YOUR SAKE! YA GOTTA BELIEVE ME!



A WAVE OF RAGE SWEEPS OVER THE KID, AND...



YOU SCURVY RATS! THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I'LL DEAL WITH YOU!



LEMME ALONE, WINDY! THIS TIME I'M REALLY THROUGH!

BUT YOU CAN'T WALK OUT ON A FIGHT, KID. IT'LL RUIN YA!



WINDY, THE GUY I TRUSTED! TO THINK HE WOULD DO THIS TO ME!



HEART-SORE AND HUMILIATED, THE KID TRUDGES THE STREETS, UNAWARE OF A CAR FOLLOWING HIM.



WHAT NEW THREAT FACES THE ST. LOUIS KID IN THE TRAILING AUTOMOBILE? READ THE NEXT ADVENTURE!

FATE SHUFFLES THE CARDS AND GIVES YOU...

BLACKJACK IN ZIP COMICS

HELLO GANG! I'M BLACKJACK. I'M STARTING IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF ZIP COMICS! I SURE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOU ALONG WITH ME!!



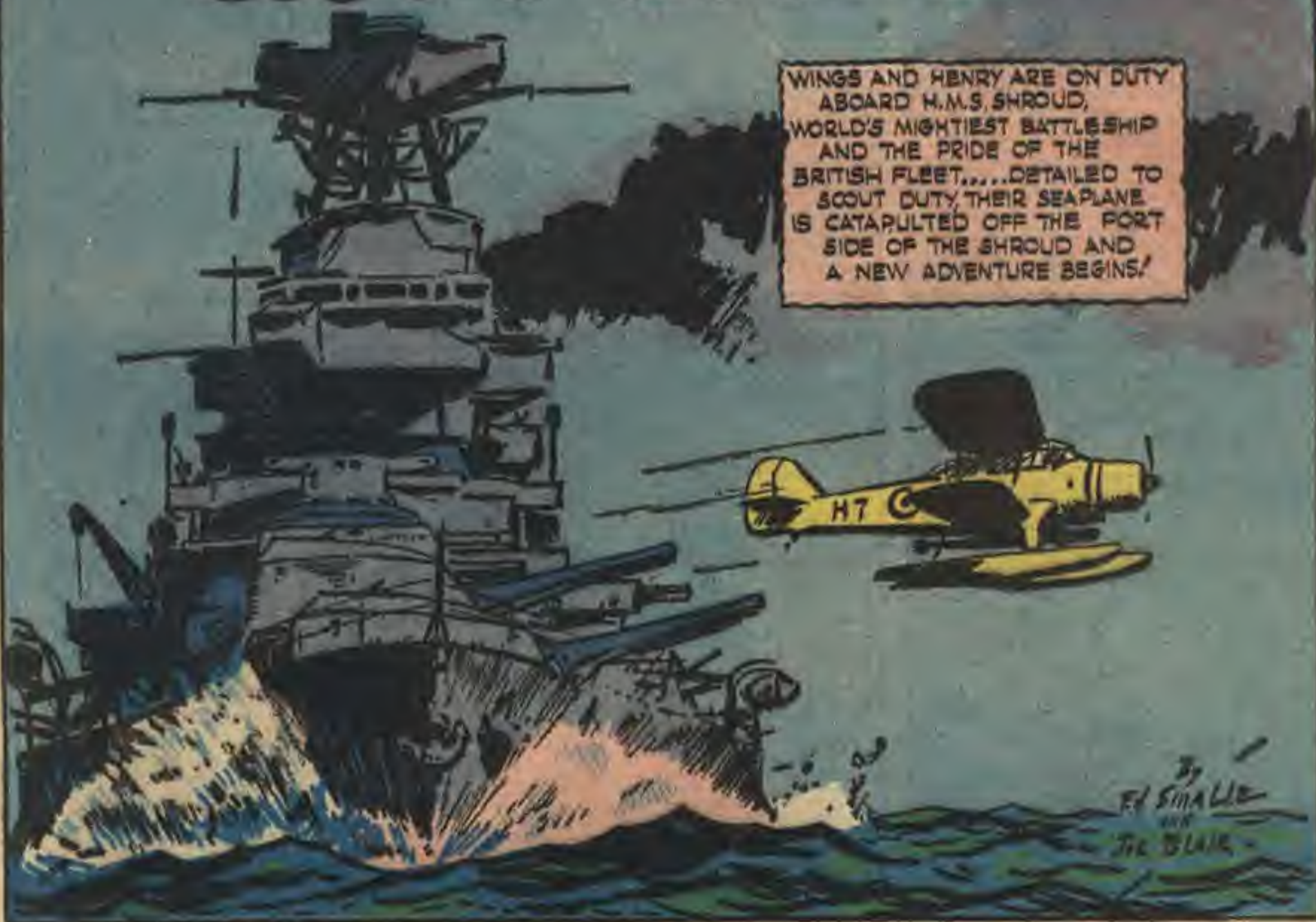
BLACKJACK IS NEW!! BLACKJACK IS DIFFERENT!! TOGETHER WITH STEEL STERLING **ZIP** COMICS IS UNBEATABLE! THE BEST COMIC MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD!!

WINGS JOHNSON

OF
THE

Air Patrol

WINGS AND HENRY ARE ON DUTY ABOARD H.M.S. SHROUD, WORLD'S MIGHTIEST BATTLESHIP AND THE PRIDE OF THE BRITISH FLEET.....DETAILED TO SCOUT DUTY, THEIR SEAPLANE IS CATAPULTED OFF THE PORT SIDE OF THE SHROUD AND A NEW ADVENTURE BEGINS!



By
F. SMALLER
AND
J. BLAIR

WOT' IN BLAZES
ARE WE SCOUTIN'
FOR WINGSIE?...
SHARKS OR WHALES?
WE HAIN'T SEEN
TH' H'ENEMY SINCE
WE'VE BEEN
H'AT SEA!

THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE
WON'T THOUGH! THE
GERMAN FLEET IS RE-
PORTED OPERATING
SOMEWHERE IN THIS
VICINITY!



THE SEAPLANE GAINS ALTITUDE RAPIDLY AND SETS OFF N.N.E.



HOURS LATER...

PRETTY FOGGY AND CLOUDY,
HENRY! WE COULDN'T
SPOT THE ENEMY THROUGH
THIS SOUP IF THEY WERE
RIGHT UNDER US! LETS
TURN BACK!



MEANWHILE, UNDER COVER OF THE FOG, THE NEW GERMAN BATTLESHIP 'CHANCELLOR',
ACCOMPANIED BY DESTROYERS AND CRUISERS, SNEAKS UP ON THE LONE 'SHROUD'...



A BRITISH LOOK-OUT GIVES THE ALARM!

ENEMY HARD OFF PORT!
BATTLE STATIONS!
FULL SPEED AHEAD!



THE 'SHROUD' OPENS UP WITH A BROAD-
SIDE FROM ALL HER GUNS!



AND THE 'CHANCELLOR'
RETURNS THE VOLLEY.



A LUCKY HIT IN THE MAGAZINE OF THE SHROUD AND
THE WHOLE SHIP GOES UP IN A MIGHTY EXPLOSION!



IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE SHROUD IS
A SMOKING MASS OF WRECKAGE!



JUST THEN, WINGS
COMES OUT OF THE
CLOUDS....

HOLY HEBRIDES!
THE SHROUD IS
SUNK! THOSE @!xxx
NAZIS, I'VE ONLY
GOT ONE TOPEDO,
BUT....

HERE
GOES!



BUT AN ANTI-
AIRCRAFT GUN
HITS HIS PLANE!



SHALL WE
SEND A BOAT
TO PICK
THEM UP?

NEIN! OUR SHIP WAS
CRIPPLED BY THEIR TOR-
PEDO!..LET THEM PAY
FOR THAT WITH
THEIR LIVES!

THEY'RE NOT
GOIN' TO PICK US
UP, WINGSIE! WINGSIE!
HEAR ME?.. HE..HE'S
UNCONSCIOUS AND
HERE WE ARE IN
TH' MIDDLE OF THE
BLOODY H'OCEAN!



NEXT MORNING, A FISHING
SCHOONER APPROACHES THE
SHORES OF GREENLAND...



...AND IN THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM...

OH, SO YOU'RE AWAKE, ARE YE?
MIGHTY CLOSE CALL YOU FELLERS
HAD! WE PICKED YOU UP JUST IN
THE NICK OF TIME! WHAT'S
YER NAME, LADDIE?

WINGS
JOHNSON,
SIR!



HEY! WOT H'IN BLAZES
H'AM I DOIN' IN THE UPPER
BERTH? H'AND BY TH' WAY,
WHERE H'IN THUNDER
H'AM I?..IN DAVEY
JONES' BLOOMIN' LOCKER?



THE SHIP AR-
RIVES AT ITS
PORT IN GREEN-
LAND...



I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU
DID FOR US, SKIPPER, BUT
RIGHT NOW, WE'RE IN A
BIG RUSH TO GET TO
THE U.S. NAVY
AIR BASE!



STEP ON IT,
WILL YOU, CABBIE?
WE'VE GOT TO
HURRY!

IF I STEP
TOO HARD ON
ANYTHING IN THIS
CAR, MISTER, I
AIN'T RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE RESULTS!



EVENTUALLY, WINGS AND HENRY GET
TO THE NAVY BASE....

SO THAT'S THE STORY SIR! I
WANT TO ASK YOUR PERMISSION
TO BORROW A PLANE AND GO
AFTER THE "CHANCELLOR" AS
WELL AS RADIO THE BRITISH
FLEET OF HER POSITION!



I CAN'T LET YOU BORROW THE
SHIP OFFICIALLY, JOHNSON, BUT
IF YOU STOLE IT, I DON'T
THINK ANYONE WOULD PUT
YOU IN THE COOLER! GET
GOING...I'LL WIRE THE BRITISH
ADMIRALTY MYSELF! THE
"CHANCELLOR" WAS OPER-
ATING IN AMERICAN
WATERS!



WINGS AND HENRY GET SET TO
'STEAL' THE PLANE...WITH THE
COOPERATION OF THE NAVY OFFICIAL



ONCE AGAIN WINGS TAKES OFF...



...AND BEGINS HIS SEARCH FOR THE CHANCELLOR, KNOWING ITS PROBABLE COURSE.....



THEN, SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES AT SEA...

HENRY!
LOOK! DO
YOU SEE
WHAT I
SEE?

H'I DO! OR
H'ELSE WE'RE
BLINKIN'
H'IDIOTS!



THERE SHE IS,
AND THIS TIME
WE'RE GOING
TO GET HER!



AN AMERICAN
PLANE! OPEN
FIRE!



THAT'S JUST WHAT I HOPED
THEY'D DO! THEY FIRED
ON US FIRST, HENRY, AND
HERE GOES MY
ANSWER!



WOW! WILL YOU LOOK
WHAT THAT AMERICAN-
MADE TORPEDO
DID? WHOOPEE!





BOB PHANTOM

SCOURGE
OF THE
UNDERWORLD

A FAST MOVING CAR SKIDS AS IT IS CROSSING A BRIDGE, SIDESWIPES ANOTHER AUTOMOBILE, AND SENDS IT HURLING TO THE RIVER BELOW!

WALT WHITNEY FAMOUS BROADWAY COLUMNIST IS WALKING OVER THE BRIDGE ON THE WAY TO HIS OFFICE.

HOLY SMOKES!
WHAT A
CRACK-UP!



THE NEXT MOMENT A SWIRL OF WIND AND A PUFF OF EERIE, WHITE SMOKE - BOB PHANTOM

OVER THE RAIL
PLUNGES THE POWER-
FUL FIGURE TO RESCUE
THE DRIVER OF THE
SINKING AUTOMOBILE





POOR FELLOW!
IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S
DONE FOR!



THAT'S STRANGE! HE'S CARRYING A
LETTER ADDRESSED TO
WALT WHITNEY!



THIS SOUNDS KIND OF FAN-
TASTIC TO ME. IT'S PROBABLY
ANOTHER CRANK NOTE.
HOWEVER, JUST TO MAKE SURE
I SUPPOSE I HAD BETTER RUN
DOWN AND CHECK UP!



Mr. Whitney
I am dropping this letter
out of the window hoping a
passerby will bring it to you
I know you are a friend of
Bob Thantou. Please get
him to come to my aid.
It is a matter of
life and death!
Anne Clark



I SUPPOSE I'M A SUCKER FOR
EVER DRIVING DOWN HERE!
AH WELL, IT'S JUST POSSIBLE
THERE MIGHT BE A GOOD
STORY IN IT!



EVERYTHING LOOKS ON
THE UP AND UP FROM
HERE, I MIGHT AS
WELL SEE WHAT
IT'S ALL
ABOUT!



I'M LOOKING FOR
MISS ANNE CLARK.

COME IN,
SIR!



I'M ANNE CLARK. THIS IS
MY FATHER, DR. CLARK.

HOW DO YOU
DO?

I GOT YOUR NOTE,
MISS CLARK. IT'S A VERY
STRANGE ONE. WON'T YOU
PLEASE ENLIGHTEN ME?

IM AFRAID THERE'S BEEN A TERRIBLE MISTAKE MADE, MR. WHITNEY, MY DAUGHTER IS A ROMANTIC PERSON AT HEART, AND IS SO WRAPPED UP IN HER WORK SHE HAS NO TIME FOR REAL ROMANCE OR ADVENTURE. SHE USES THIS METHOD TO STIR UP A BIT OF EXCITEMENT, ALWAYS AT SOMEONE ELSE'S EXPENSE. IT'S A SORT OF ESCAPE MECHANISM WITH HER. I'VE HAD THE SAME TROUBLE WITH HER BEFORE.

I SEE!



IM SURE YOU UNDERSTAND MR. WHITNEY. IM SORRY MY DAUGHTER HAS CAUSED YOU ANY INCONVENIENCE. IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I MUST GET BACK TO MY LABORATORY. I'VE LEFT A TEST TUBE OF FLUORIC ACID ON MY BUNSEN BURNER AND I MUST GET BACK TO IT.

TEST TUBE OF FLUORIC ACID! THIS GUY IS NO SCIENTIST! FLUORIC ACID EATS RIGHT THROUGH GLASS. IT CAN ONLY BE HELD IN SPECIALLY TREATED RECEPTACLES.



THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY GOING ON HERE! IT SEEMS TO ME THAT AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT ON THE BRIDGE WAS PLANNED IN ADVANCE. SOMEBODY WAS ANXIOUS TO KEEP ME AWAY FROM HERE!

I'LL HAVE TO GET BACK INTO THAT HOUSE, SOMEHOW, AND SEE WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON.



THIS OPEN BASEMENT WINDOW IS JUST WHAT I NEED.



I WONDER WHERE THESE STEPS WILL TAKE ME?

THOSE VOICES ARE COMING FROM THAT ROOM OVER THERE.



HE FLATTENS HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL AND LISTENS.



UNSEEN BY WALT WHITNEY, A FIGURE SKULKS UP FROM BEHIND...



IS THIS WHAT YOU'RE WAITING FOR? SNOOPER!



WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE ABOUT?

WHERE'D HE COME FROM?



SO MR. WISE GUY, YOU HAD TO STICK YOUR NECK OUT DID YOU? TAKE HIM UP TO THE ATTIC BOYS AND STRING HIM UP ON THE RAFTERS!



WHY DON'T WE JUST BUMP THIS GUY OFF AND GET IT OVER WITH?

NO SENSE IN ATTRACTING ANY UNDUE ATTENTION. THIS IS A NICE QUIET WAY OF DOING IT!



THINKING HE IS DEAD, THE MEN LEAVE WALT HANGING FROM THE RAFTER.

IT'S A GOOD THING I REMEMBERED THE TRICK OF CONTRACTING MY NECK MUSCLES. NOW THAT I HAVE THEM UNDER CONTROL, THE NOOSE IS NOT TOO TIGHT.



IF I CAN JUST SWING UP ON THAT RAFTER, I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

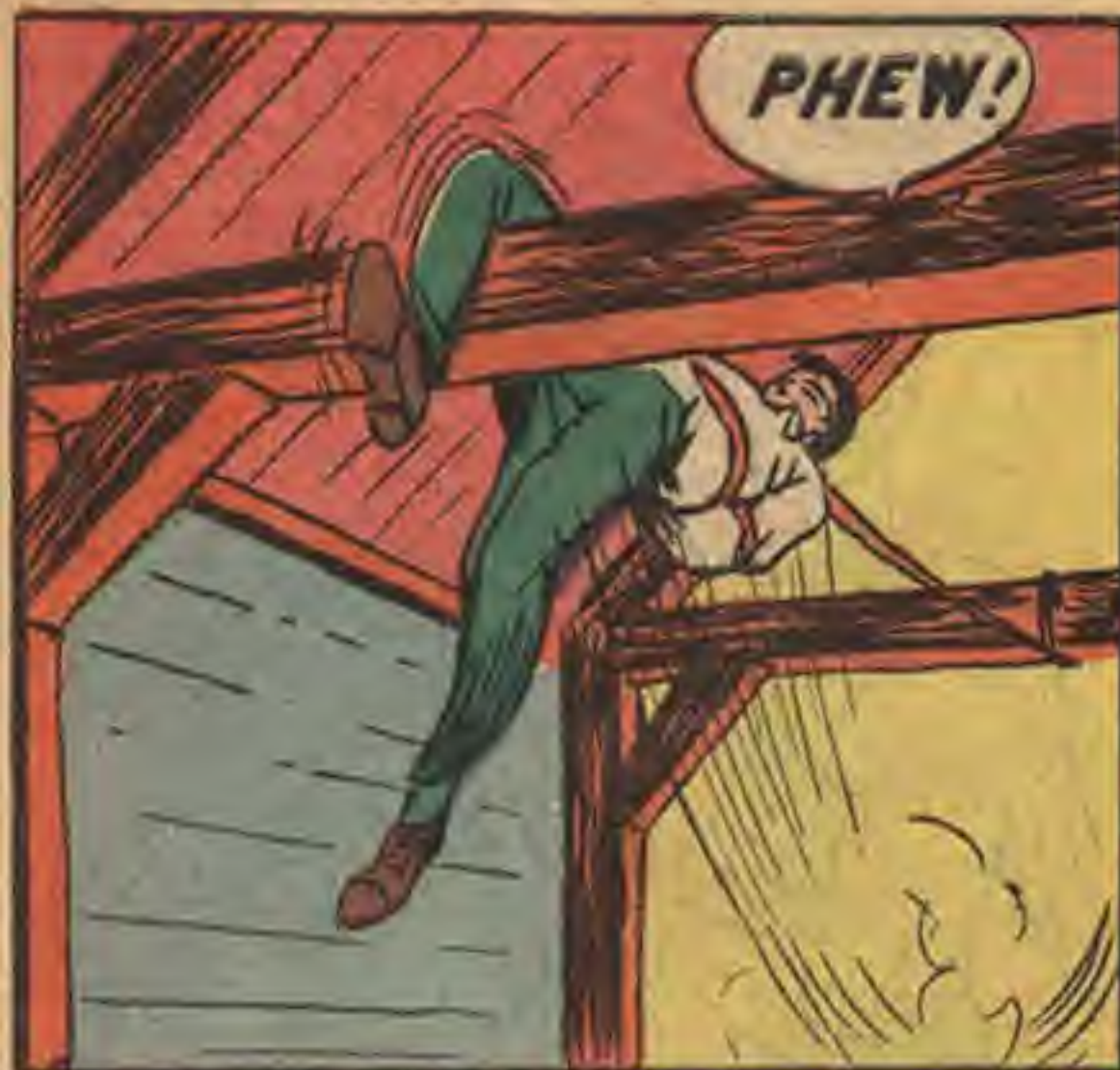


SWINGING HIS FASHION WHITNEY THE VESTRY

BODY PENDULUM ATTEMPTS TO GAIN RAFTER

I'M ABOUT DONE IN. I'D BETTER MAKE IT THIS TIME OR I'LL NEVER HAVE THE STRENGTH TO TRY IT AGAIN!





HERE'S ANOTHER PLAY HATE FOR YOU FELLOWS



NOW MAYBE YOU CAN ACTUALLY TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT

THIS IS REALLY MY FATHER. THAT NOTE I SENT YOU WAS ABSOLUTELY THE TRUTH!



THESE MEN LEARNED OF A NEW TYPE OF GAS WHICH DAD WAS WORKING ON AND THEY WANTED TO GET CONTROL OF IT, BEFORE HE TURNED IT OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT THEY INTENDED TO SELL IT TO A FOREIGN POWER FOR A TREMENDOUS PRICE.

BY HAVING ONE OF THEIR NUMBER IMPERSONATE ME THEY KEPT UP A PRETTY GOOD MASQUERADE. THEY FORCED ANNE TO TELL OF HER ATTEMPT TO COMMUNICATE WITH WALT WHITNEY BY TORTURING ME. WHEN HE ACTUALLY DID SHOW UP THEY THREATENED

TO KILL US BOTH IF SHE TOLD HIM ANYTHING!



AS SUDDENLY AS HE CAME UPON THE SCENE, BOB PHANTOM DISAPPEARS



THE NEXT DAY IN WALT WHITNEY'S COLUMN



YOU GUYS ARE PRETTY LUCKY YOU CAN SIT AROUND AND TAKE IT EASY WHILE BOB PHANTOM DOES ALL YOUR CLEAN-UP WORK FOR YOU!



AW NUTS!

**"DEATH SPANS THE OCEAN" THE NEWEST CAPTAIN FLAG ADVENTURE APPEARS
IN THE CURRENT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS!**

A NEW MENACE LOOMS OVER A
TERROR-STRICKEN POPULACE. A
MENACE IN WHOSE CLUTCHING
FINGERS IS A FATE MORE HOR-
RIBLE THAN DEATH, ITSELF —
THE BLACK HAND!

AND OUT OF A CITY GONE MAD WITH
HORROR, ONLY ONE MAN DARES
PICK UP THE CHALLENGE — ONLY
ONE MAN AND A BIRD DARE GIVE
BATTLE TO THIS DREAD CREA-
TURE!! AND THEY ARE:
CAPTAIN FLAG AND HIS AMERICAN
EAGLE, YANK! READ THIS MOST
THRILLING OF ALL ADVENTURES,
"DEATH SPANS THE OCEAN" IN
BLUE RIBBON COMICS ON SALE
AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS *RIGHT NOW!*

YOU WON'T WANT
TO MISS MR. JUSTICE
THE ROYAL WRAITH,
ALSO CURRENT IN THE OC-
TOBER ISSUE OF.....

BLUE RIBBON COMICS

HIS ADVENTURES IN
THE **ATOM WORLD**
WILL LEAVE YOU
GASPING!



KARDAK

THE *Mystic* MAGICIAN

WHY
DON'CHA GO
BACK WHERE YA
COME FROM, YA
REFUGEE!

HEY!

ONE DAY AS KARDAK
AND BALTHAR ARE
WALKING ALONG THE
CITY'S STREETS, THEY
HEAR THE VOICES OF
CHILDREN AT PLAY.
HOWEVER, AS THEY
COME UPON THE
SCENE,.....



THEY'RE
THROWING
ROCKS AT
US!

LOOK AT
THE YELLER
RATS RUN!

BEAT
IT!

A QUICK GESTURE BY KARDAK
AND THE FLYING MISSILES ARE
TRANSFORMED INTO HARM-
LESS BIRDS IN FLIGHT!

LOOK,
FELLERS!



BY
GARY GARDNER
AND
JOHN GALLAGHER



THE ROCKS BECAME BIRDS, I TELL YOU!

OH, NUTS! SO WHAT? SOMEBODY'S PULLIN' A GAG.



BRING THAT BOY TO ME BALTHAR!



GETCHA MITTS OFFA ME, YA BIG STIFF!

MASTER WANT TO SEE UM BOY!



WHY ARE YOU FELLOWS PICKING ON THOSE TWO SMALL BOYS?

AW, THEY'RE ONLY SLIMY REFUGEES! WE DON'T WANT 'EM IN DIS NEIGHBORHOOD!



I'D JUST LIKE TO SEE ANYONE TRY THAT STUFF ON ME!

DON'T YOU REALIZE YOU ARE LIVING IN AMERICA, WHERE TOLERANCE IS THE BYWORD? HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A DOSE OF THAT TREATMENT?



I THINK I'LL HAVE TO TEACH YA CAN'T SHOW YOU A LESSON!

ME NUTTIN' I AIN'T A SCARED OF YOU!



THE MYSTIC MAGICIAN WAVES HIS HAND AND A CLOUD ENVELOPES HIMSELF AND THE BOY. SUDDENLY THE MIST DARKENS AND THEY FIND THEMSELVES ON A STREET IN GERMANY.



I AIN'T NO GIBSY! GO AHEAD!

THIS IS GOING TO BE A PRETTY ROUGH EXPERIENCE. WOULD YOU LIKE TO CHANGE YOUR MIND?



ALL RIGHT? HERE
COME SOME BOYS
DOWN THE STREET!
YOU'RE ON
YOUR OWN
NOW!



KARDAK DISAPPEARS LEAV-
ING THE BOY STANDING
BY HIMSELF...



ACH!
WHO ISS
DISS?

VERE DID HE
COME FROM?

HE LOOKS
LIKE VUN
OF DOSE
DIRTY AMERIKANS

AW
KNOCK
OFF YOU
HEINIES!



COME
ON!

COME,
VE SHOW
HEEM!

YOU
BETCHA!
THOSE
KRAUTS DON'T
SCARE
ME!



KARDAK APPEARS
MOMENTARILY...

DO YOU
STILL WANT
TO GO
THROUGH
WITH
THIS?



THE GERMAN BOYS ATTACK THE
BULLY AND A FREE
FOR ALL ENSUES



SO YOU GUYS
THINK YOUSE
ARE TOUGH, EH?

VASS
IS ?



STOP!

VAT'S
GOING
ON ?





PECK BROTHERS BRING YOU THEIR LATEST FINDS

Boys 4 Clever New Products

AT SPECIAL LOW INTRODUCTORY PRICES



ALL-ALUMINUM SPEED KING

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MODEL
SCROLL SAW



BENCH
JIG SAW

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the FIRST ever offered with a
SWEEP SECOND

(Like a stop watch)



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JUST WHAT THE BOYS WANTED

The ideal watch for timing pulse beats, boxing rounds, sprint dashes, swimming races, dark room developments, photo exposers, model airplane and glider flights, horse races, manufacturing operations for establishing production rates.

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- SWEEP SECOND WRIST WATCH, \$3.95, postage 3c.
- RUBA-TUBA-BOAT, \$3.95, postage 35c.

Name PLEASE PRINT

Address

City

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